

BOSTON AGOGGER THAN LAST YEAR OVER BIG SERIES

F. P. A., However, Has
Hard Time Placing a
Bet on Outcome.

By F. P. A.

Boston, Oct. 6.—"Well, well," greeted Dulcinea, as her friend Vivienne bumped into her near the Public, in a manner of speaking, Library this evening. "It's a small world, after all."

"It is," said Vivienne, "but it isn't a small world series."

And that, without using up a lot of expensive white paper and running up ruinous telegraph bills—is the situation.

For Boston is a little agogger than it was last year, in spite of the fact that some of the newspapers are then printed stories to the effect that not only was the town all agog, but also that both teams awaited the umpire's cry of "Play ball!" Not to add that all roads lead to Braves Field.

Betting at Low Ebb.

Your correspondent is in a position to know a good many things about this night before the game stuff, and a good many things that never have been printed. One of them concerns the stories about odds and wagers. Your correspondent, hoping that the better team will win the series and being willing to give odds at the alluring melody of 8 to 5 that it would—though, of course, Brooklyn may astonish all of us—walked through the 1 o'clock train from end to end and vice versa this afternoon.

Thousands of men—most of whom were in the dining car—had no idea how the bets were being laid. Not one had made a bet himself. Even Mr. Ring, the dapper, dandy gambler, if ever one lived, refused to bet on Brooklyn.

Mr. Lardner, detained at New London for a moment to wire his newspaper, "The Niles (Mich.) Courier," a sentence he had been muttering to himself from Pelham Manor to South Norwalk. "Thank God for the Giants," he telegraphed; "they kept us out of Philadelphia."

Other prominent gamblers would not bet, and were heard to say that, put it to them like that, no, they didn't know of any bets that really had been made. And yet in all the papers to-morrow morning you will see how Boston money went begging, or was quickly snapped up, or something like that.

Only one actual wager has been made thus far. Mr. Samuel Merwin, of Concord, who motored in with Mrs. Merwin and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Raily, of Walpole, Mass., and gave a birthday party—Mr. Merwin doesn't begin to look his twenty-nine summers—took the short end of an 8 to 5 bet with your correspondent.

Picks Carmine Hose.

Mr. Merwin chose the Brooklyn, or, as they are called in honor of their first baseman, Mr. Ebbets, the Robins. Your correspondent chose, as can easily be seen by using the redaction and safeguarding method, Carmine Hose, or, as they are termed in the vernacular, the "Bostons." Details of this wager are given because it was the only bet actually made, so far as is known, and because folks who lose bets to your correspondent have the darndest habit of forgetting.

On the eve of battle, as should have been said at the start, the teams seem to be evenly matched. Both managers are intent on winning and all the players are keyed up to the last notch. The Red Sox are confident, but the Robins are equally so. The Claret of Carrigan is anxious to maintain its spotless record, while the Crew of Robinson is frantic to wrest the premier honors away from "Big Boy," who, that stuff, that's what Rube, O'Neill and Macbeth are writing—Sporting Editor) the unbeaten champions of the world.

In short, your correspondent thinks Brooklyn ain't got a chance, and that it'll be lucky if it gets one game. Later—Betting continues quiescent. Nothing can be heard but the sounds of the hotel hanging up a fairly sizable quilted old Colonial air "On the Beach at Waikiki." And yet, as previously has been hinted, all is just as agog as anything.

BROWN MAY TALLY BIG SCORE ON TRINITY

Providence, Oct. 6.—Brown meets Trinity here to-morrow afternoon. While the visitors are expected to put up a stiffer game than did Rhode Island last week, Brown anticipates no difficulty in running up a fairly sizable score. Brown is surely better than a year ago at this time, while Trinity is reported not as good. Trinity threw a scare into Brown last year, holding the Bruinians to a scoreless tie.

White Sox Shut Out Cubs.

Chicago, Oct. 6.—Superior twirling brought about the third straight victory of the White Sox over the Cubs in the post-season series between the local teams here to-day. The score was 3 to 0.

The attendance was 10,916 and the receipts amounted to \$6,625. The players received \$3,577.50; clubs, \$41,192.50; commission, \$662.50. Figures for the three days are: Attendance, 39,807; receipts, \$25,147.75; players, \$13,576.54; clubs, \$4,525.52; commission, \$2,524.17. The score by innings follows:

R. H. E.
Americans. 0 11 0 0 1 0 0 3 8
Nationals. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 6 2

Batteries—Williams and Schalk; Prendergast, McConnell and Wilson.

Busy at Baseball.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 6.—Fred Mitchell, who coached the successful Harvard baseball team last season, took the squad in hand for fall practice to-day. The players were divided into two teams and had a practice game of three innings. A large squad of pitchers worked out under the eyes of the coach, who will have to develop new men to take the place of Max Baer and Whitney, who were lost by graduation last June.

World's Series on Board.
Local fans will have an opportunity to see the world's series games reproduced and played at the Broadway Sporting Club, Broadway and Halsey Street, Brooklyn, where the game will be reproduced in every detail on an up-to-date scoreboard.

Amusements
WILL BE FOUND TO-DAY
ON PAGE 7

Ye Old Stuff



Excitement runneth high
and huge sums of money
are wagered on ye ball game.

Ye mayor of Boston Town
proclaimeth a holiday in honor
of ye Red Sox's.



Ye Fans endureth great
cold and hardship so great
their enthusiasm is.



a worlds series
player departeth
for home with his
huge winnings.



Ye Baseball Fan showeth
extreme annoyance at ye
speculator for high charge of
a seat in ye Ball Game.

JOHNNY HAYES TO COACH TEAM AT COLUMBIA

Johnny Hayes, winner of the Olympic Marathon at London in 1908, was appointed coach of the Columbia cross-country team yesterday and took charge of the runners in their afternoon practice run on Riverside Drive.

Hayes had scarcely more than a dozen men out, the squad being made up in the main of veterans of the 1915 team, but he plans to have a big turnout once he arranges a schedule of interclass races. He will work under the general direction of Nelson Metcalfe, football and track coach.

It was also announced that C. J. Merner, in charge of athletics at Iowa State University last year, had been appointed coach. Merner is an assistant in the department of physical education. He will not call out candidates for the first year five until November 1.

Mr. Ebbets Not a Money Waster

By IZZY KAPLAN

Boston, Oct. 6.—You should put it in the paper that I am stopping at the Copiah Plaza Hotel. Mr. Ebbets is over at the Knickerbocker Hotel, which is not so expensive.

He is a smart feller, Ebbets. A lot of these ball players thought he would take them up first class, and spend 75 cents apiece extra, but he is saving the money. Lots of fellows in the baseball business are wasters, but not Mr. Ebbets.

Ebbets told me confidential that he is going to get out of the baseball firm next year and going in business for himself, so every 75-cent piece counts. Reuben Market, who has to pitch batters for the Browns, told me to-morrow, was sore and he teased Mr. Ebbets when he had to go in the day coaches. He should be lucky he don't have to go in the baggage car.

I am saving this by special delivery, which is saving. These other wasters are writing it all by telegraph which cost a couple dollars more and it ain't worth it. The Western Union wouldn't give me no rate. It is run here by an Irish by name Shannon, who is a low life and fresh with me.

I am having a good time because Owego Herrmann, who is president of the National League, bought me a glass of champagne. I did not get shikier, you understand I just had one glass. Mr. Herrmann is an awful spender, but I suppose his firm pays the bills. They should go broke if he keeps it up.

If I get time to go out to the baseballing to-morrow I should go. But this is a good business, money, and I got to look into some opportunities in a new business. A fellow wants that I should open a business on Bunker's Hill with a codfish and beans specialty. But I don't buy the hill till I see it. Could you have Mr. Brown, the good seats to some show up Yella Goldberg on Grand Street. He can get them maybe for nothing. I promised Yella and I don't want her to think I am an cheap sports.

Schaefer's Team to Play.
Germany Schaefer will lead his team of American League Stars against the Bronx Eagles in the second game of the double-header to-morrow afternoon at Lenox Oval, 145th Street and Lenox Avenue. The American League Stars will include players from the Yankees and the Washington American League team, and will also have Bob Moha, the middleweight champion, at second base.

Coakley Starts Work.
Half a dozen candidates for battery position on the Columbia baseball team reported to Andy Coakley on South Field yesterday. Captain Shady Lane, varsity backstop for two seasons, did not don a uniform. The practice will continue three days a week until Coakley has a line on his material.

Police Against Firemen.
The postponed baseball game between the Police and Fire departments for the championship of 1916 will be held on Sunday at the Polo Grounds. The game will be called at 2:45 p. m.

Squire of Flatbush Kisses His Nine Goodby and Tells It to "Clean Up"

Robins Count Heavily on
Marquard and Their
Batting Ability.

By W. J. Macbeth.

You, who have tears to shed, let 'em fall. Charles Hercules Ebbets will be doing business at the same old stand in 1917. A world's series doesn't feaze the Squire of Flatbush, so why should it feaze anybody else.

You should have seen the Squire in his two-gallon beaver as he bade good-bye to the Dodgers at the Grand Central Station yesterday afternoon. The Squire made a speech—a wonderful speech—while he awaited Manager Wilbert Robinson and his hopefuls. Then he tucked them on a day coach and kissed them goodby, with instructions to clean up on the Red Sox and return to Flatbush to lead the hunt for gold and renown.

Brooklyn does not deserve all of the condolences that have been showered upon it. Brooklyn has as good as an even chance to glory in the honor of the National League. The writer wishes to go on record here, Brooklyn, if it disregards the importance of the event, will win the world's championship from the world's champion Red Sox.

Hitting Will Count.
For a series which is decided by the first four victories Brooklyn has the better chance of the two. To start with the men of Robinson can out-hit the American League champions by many points. Hitting, in baseball, covers a multitude of sins.

It has been truly said that pitching in a world's series is more than half the battle. Granting this point only the Red Sox appear to have a slight shade. Carrigan has five grand pitchers; any one seems capable of stepping in with a real classic. But this must be kept in mind. In a short series three rather than five pitchers are likely to do the most effective work.

Brooklyn has good pitching, too. Not so fine a hurling staff for a campaign run of 154 games. But the equal of anything that can be shown for a short series. There is Rube Marquard, who is likely to start this afternoon.

Marquard has something on these Red Sox. As a Giant back in 1912 the star southpaw of McGraw's club took the measure of the Hub aggregation, and took it easily. Marquard is better to-day than he was then. Jack Coombs is authority for this. Coombs is one of the smartest men in baseball.

This same Coombs will do his own share. Single-handed he won a world's championship back in 1910. Coombs it is to be hoped, will do the same thing for the Robins. He won three of four games over the Cubs, supposedly invincible National League champions. These iron man stunts are not to be despised. Marquard, who ruled the baseball world for four years.

Coombs as a member of the Athletics of 1911 pitched against the Robins, and he was as good as the Red Sox. As a Giant back in 1912 the star southpaw of McGraw's club took the measure of the Hub aggregation, and took it easily. Marquard is better to-day than he was then. Jack Coombs is authority for this. Coombs is one of the smartest men in baseball.

Line-Up of To-day's Opening Contest

BROOKLYN (N. L.)	
Johnston, r. f.	232
Daubert, 1b	322
Myers, c. f.	262
Wheat, l. f.	312
Cutshaw, 2b	250
Mowrey, 3b	214
Olson, s.	254
Meyers, c.	245
Marquard, p.	141

BOSTON (A. L.)	
Hooper, r. f.	262
Jarvin, 2b	217
Walker, c. f.	262
Hobbitell, 1b	262
Lewis, l. f.	267
Gardner, 3b	269
Scott, s.	227
Carrigan, c.	270
Leonard, p.	200

Umpires—Connolly (A. L.) behind the plate; O'Day (N. L.) on the bases; Dineen (A. L.) left field; Quigley (N. L.), right field.

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Rube Took Measure of Red Sox Twice Back in 1912.

the greatest southpaw of all time. Marquard is just twice the pitcher to-day as the Marquard that beat the Red Sox in both his games of 1912. Rube will beat 'em every time he starts.

Coombs should beat the Red Sox. He knows them from the long ago, when he used to take their measure for Connie Mack. Coombs isn't as good as he used to be. He is not so strong. But he can pitch one game better than ever because of experience. Coombs is one of the greatest money pitchers in the business. If it comes to a showdown play the bank-roll on Colby Jack.

The writer was talking with Bill Donovan yesterday afternoon. "I don't know," said Donovan, "but I believe the Red Sox will beat the Red Sox," said the manager of the Yankees.

"Good southpaw pitching will beat them," continued Donovan, "and so will a spitball pitcher who packs the goods."

Not wishing to throw bouquets to anybody, let it be said that Wilbert Robinson has a spitball pitcher of real class in Jeff Pfeffer. Rube can shoo his best bet—Marquard—against the Red Sox to-day and counter with a real spitballer on Monday. That would leave Coombs for the opening game at Brooklyn Tuesday.

Coakley Picks Robins.

I fanned a long time yesterday with Andy Coakley, manager of the champion Athletics of 1905. Later he was with the Cubs. Andy was always associated with smart baseball teams.

"With the exception of Mays," said Coakley, "Carrigan's pitchers all depend a great deal on speed. Brooklyn will hit fast ball pitching. I do not believe Carrigan will call upon Mays except in a case of necessity. To my mind, therefore, Brooklyn has a shade advantage at the start."

Coakley places unusual confidence in Jack Coombs. Not only does he believe this veteran pitcher will hold the Red Sox every time he starts, but he thinks Jack will prove a tower of strength on the conching line.

"If the Red Sox battery works with sign Coombs will get the signals," Coakley declared most positively. "I'm about the only pupil of Mack's school who couldn't interpret the cipher," he continued.

Stengel a Fighter.
"Stengel is another player from whom I expect a great deal. He is a fighter through and through, and a great fielder. Our infield is all right, and despite some of the things that have been said of us, we will be there when we are needed. Our club doesn't make much noise out on the field, but just goes ahead and plays its game. If we did whoop it up, what would we gain? We do our work, do it well, and that is all that can be asked of us. I think we can win, and I am going to give my best in order to do so."

We might go right ahead and quote all the boys and what they said. All agree that it will be a hard fight, but there is not a single man on the team who is willing to admit that the Red Sox have any more than an even chance to gather in the long end of the big money.

Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Robins, is not allowing the series to worry him in any way. He says his team is ready and that he looks forward to victory. Robbie would not say whom he intended to work in the opening game, but we will never give them an inch.

THE SCHOOLBOYS OPEN GRIDIRON SEASON TO-DAY

Schoolboy football will get under way this afternoon after an enforced late start, with five contests scheduled. De Witt Clinton opens its season with Dickinson High School, of Jersey City, its ancient rival, on Lenox Oval.

Stuyvesant, a rather unknown combination, faces the strong Commercial eleven on the latter's field in Brooklyn. Morris opposes Yonkers High School with many new players in its line-up. Besides the Commercial-Stuyvesant contest, the only other game scheduled for Brooklyn is between St. Francis Prep and Brooklyn Prep at Hawthorne Field.

Codfish Barking at the Robins

By W. O. McGEHEAN.

Boston, Oct. 6.—The codfish of Cape Cod are barking merrily in their glee to-night in anticipation of a soft time with the clams of Long Island. N. Y. The clam, a piscatorial product of the island upon which Brooklyn is situated, has been accepted as a symbol of the Robins. It is suggestive of the endurance, the patience and silence of the Brooklyn National baseball team. In emulation of the denizen of the flats the Brooklyn supporters are saying little, but behind their reticence they are bursting with optimism as a clam is bursting with potential broth.

To-morrow, they feel, will be the day of the clam. The modest mollusk which hides its virtues and its intellect beneath the water which washes its back, will have its day at last. When it happens, the turning of the worm will have little on the uprising of the clam.

Everybody was here at midnight. Novelists, poets, short story writers and babbling baseball statisticians roamed the streets at will. From force of habit the Brooklyn rooters retired quietly and early. Nevertheless, Boston is the place where the clam is most likely to be found. In the corridors upon a late hour, as is their wont. This business of holding a world's series is becoming a habit in Boston, and they are blasé here, but many are not. On the dope there ought to be a lot of money wagered, with Boston a long favorite, but despite the plentifulness of the long green in this vicinity, the mazzuma is cagey. The form players are puzzled by the clam-like attitude of the Brooklyn boosters. Also the chill fear that this may be the year for the dope upset is beginning to make the plungers shiver.

A lot will depend on the first game, of course. Reuben Marquard, who is to officiate in the opening session, seems to be right. When Reuben is right he is a tough southpaw. Given that first game, the Robins are likely to get a shot of confidence in the arm that they will rush right through the series. If the Robins are bumped to-morrow afternoon it will be a tough day for the Clams. They are going for the series.

Throughout the long National League contests the Robins seemed more than once to suffer from sheer stage fright. If they get an attack of this in the game to-morrow, the placing of Brooklyn upon the baseball map will be indefinitely postponed. But old stagers like Robbie, Jack Coombs and Marquard are preaching the folly of taking a world's series battle as anything more than a ball game. If the Robins can listen and pay heed to the sage counsel they ought to surprise Beantown.

While the cold figures argue to the contrary, we think that the Robins have a chance. It breaks the monotony to have the dope upset, and it may be because we like to see the monotony shattered early and often that we give the Robins a look-in.

Old Man Psychology will be the greatest factor. If Robbie has convinced his boys that they have a chance to win, that they are entitled to win, they'll be on the chart. But if they go in feeling that they have not a chance and that the dope which declares they have no license to beat the Sox is right, they will fritter away four days and they will pass out in four straitened games.

Southpaws in Centre Of Stage at Boston

Dutch Leonard, Babe Ruth and Rube Marquard Names
on Tongues of Fans as World's Series Gets Under
Way in City of Culture.

By GRANTLAND RICE.

Boston, Oct. 6.—This should be known as the Filbert Dynasty, or the Nut Epoch in balldom's wide spread empire.

There was a time on opening day when world series talk was built around the pitching of a Mathewson, a Walsh, a Donovan, a Bender, a Wood, a Tesreau or an Alexander. Or, perhaps a Rudolph, a Janney, a Babe Adams or a Shore.

These eminent Sons of Swat all operate with the right arm exclusively, proving the innate sanity of their various times. But to-night around Boston the grand tip-off on this lop-sided age has been unfolded beyond any doubt.

Save for a few cursory remarks anent the reappearance of John Wesley Coombs, none but left-handers is allowed to occupy the sacred portals of the dope. Brooklyn backers are talking of Rube Marquard and Boston camp followers are chanting on the names of Dutch Leonard and Babe Ruth.

It is almost a certainty now, so far as complexities ever get in such a complex enterprise, that two left-handers will open the big series Saturday afternoon for the first time in baseball history. There have been cases before where a left-hander opposed a right-hander, the first instance being 1905, when Christy Mathewson hooked up with Edward T. Plank.

But if you care to look back through the dope you will find that right-handers have always been the prevailing factors—Dineen, Phillips, Yodis, Leever, Mathewson, McGinnis, Bender, Walsh, Brown, Overall, Donovan, Adams, Coombs, Tesreau, Wood, Bedient, Rudolph, James and Alexander rounding out the bulk of the world series list.

The only left-handers who have figured to any great extent have been Altrick, Plank, Marquard and Leonard. But now we come to nothing but left-handers for opening day, unless Brooklyn should decide to enter Jack Coombs against Leonard or Ruth at the final moment.

Babe Ruth, while Boston's leading pitcher last year and her best winner this season, has yet to work in a world series game, but if he doesn't start Saturday he will be used early next week beyond any doubt. Dutch Leonard has pitched only one world series contest, and on that occasion he held the gasping Phillies in the palm of his big brown paw.

If Rube Marquard starts against Leonard or Ruth, the same being the forecast for the afternoon's jubilee, over 40,000 of the fan elect should see the big brown paw.

Red Sox Pitchers Not in the Habit of Slipping When Big Test Comes

But it is well enough to remember that Red Sox pitchers have not been in the habit of slipping when put against the test. They had enough to roll back the Phillies last year and to beat Detroit and Chicago any time they cared to through the present season. It would be hard to find three more dependable pitchers than Leonard, Shore and Ruth—and three pitchers for a short series are all that any ball club needs. Leonard, Shore and Ruth will not be needed again until next Wednesday—as much rest as he could use and still be right.

This prevalence of Red Sox southpaws is one of the toughest breaks against Brooklyn's hope. For Brooklyn's three leading sluggers are Buck Wheat, Jake Daubert and Casey Stengel, all left-handed maulers, and these three to be fed constantly upon a southern gunnery brings about a handicap from the start.

It is a bit difficult to picture a flock of left-handed hitters whaling away successfully at such soft-handed pitchers as Babe Ruth and Dutch Leonard. Dutch and the Babe are hard enough for the right-handed gent. Against batsmen of their own southpaw proclivities they have been well-nigh invincible.

Brooklyn will enter this series in better shape for pitchers than Philadelphia began her campaign with a year ago. The Phillies then had no one but Alexander who might be ranked with the Boston marksmen. But outside of Alexander, who was up with a term, Kobayashi and Pfeffer and Cheney, who may be of considerable value before the last blow echoes on the late October air.

If the Red Sox follow the same line they have blazed for the last two seasons against Detroit, Chicago and Philadelphia, they will drop the opening contest and then have the next four or four out of the next five. It has been a Boston habit to lose the first game of an important series and then return with a series of winning drives until the last enemy before the Giants' back. But since the date the Big Jubilee has been dated yearly in what is known as the "whatsoever" jig time.

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WORLD SERIES Read the inside stuff on to-day's game by these Tribune Stars in to-morrow's SUN-DAY TRIBUNE—

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—The Tribune's sporting editor, will keep his eye on the fans' well-known game, and tell of the interesting incidents that we all would like to know.

W. J. Macbeth

—a writer who knows the technique of every play, will describe details which may be most important in winning a game and the series.

Frank O'Neill

—who has been for weeks with the Robins and knows every player intimately, will be in The Tribune with exclusive notes and interviews.

F. P. A.

—knows a few things about baseball himself, and will call to your attention such events, humorous or otherwise, as he may think you'll want to know.

Better play safe by telling
your newsdealer to-day!

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